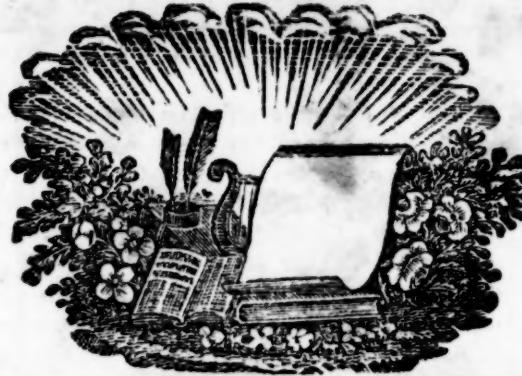


# THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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## SELECT TALES.

From the Portland Magazine.

### The Last of the House of York.

IT was one of the most magnificent of all old England's baronial castles, that which the widow of Edward IV. had chosen for her residence after leaving the sanctuary of Westminster. Like an assembly of strong giants protecting their broad domain, the great turrets, reared themselves on the high eminence from whence they overlooked a hunting forest of many thousand acres; the old oaks of which, rustling in the light breeze, produced a low, glad music, as if audibly rejoicing that the glad sun-light poured over its dewy front so refreshingly. But there was other and louder music ringing through the forest—a huntsman's horn sounded merrily in one direction, and was answered at intervals from an opposite extremity. Never and nearer became the proximity of the two parties from whence the sound proceeded, till the last notes of the horn brought one company on the verge of an open space, from whence the trees and underwood had been cut away, and left what in New England would be termed a clearing, of some two or three acres. The first of the hunting, or as it proved to be, hawking party, that issued from the branching trees, was a splendid woman, sitting upon her large white horse, as if he were a moveable throne, and curbing his proud head till his angry mouth almost rested on his broad, snowy chest. The rider was in form what one of her age should be; large, roundly and firmly limbed, with the air of womanly dignity in which a female of forty should never be deficient—her lips were full and like a ripe, red cherry, and the rich blood lay in her cheek like a warm fountain of molten rubies. Her riding cap of dark velvet, with its heavy plumes, was looped up from her broad, white forehead with a string of jewels that flashed in the sun-light, but scarce excelled in brilliancy the black lustrous eyes of her they adorned. For an instant the lady drew up her horse and looked

about her, then giving a slight motion to her bridle, the well-trained beast gathered up his limbs, and leaped from one high bank to the other, of a small stream that ran between the edge of the forest and the opening we have described. Directly she was followed by another female mounted on a slender, black hunter, which seemed formed on purpose for his delicate burthen, a girl of sixteen years, habited in a dress not unlike the modern riding-habit of an American horse-woman, though of richer and more beautiful materials. The long skirt of dark green hung in full, heavy folds over her slender form, and flowed over the shining side of her horse.—The body was confined over the full yet delicate bust up to the beautiful throat, by a succession of small, golden clasps, into each of which was inserted, a pure, brilliant diamond. Unlike that of her mother's, the riding cap of corresponding green was without plumes, and twice surrounded by a finely wrought chain, that terminating in tassels of spun gold, fell to her shoulder. One little hand covered with its embroidered glove, served to direct the motion of her graceful steed, and on the other a falcon was confined by slight thongs of colored leather, which now and then drew the attention of its mistress, by arching its neck and ruffling up its feathers as if disdaining such a delicate thrall. A troop of retainers, with merry faces and waving plumes, drew around the two ladies, as they checked their horses in the center of the open space, when the eldest, turning to her nearest retainer, demanded if he knew who had thus unlicensed, preceded them in their morning sports? The servant answered in the negative.

'Then sound thy horn again,' commanded she, contracting slightly the arch of her brow, 'we must look into this—our husband's death has indeed unqueened us, when our sports in this our own domain are broken in upon by noisy intruders.'

As commanded the man wound a long, loud blast from the horn that was suspended to his neck. In an instant he was answered by another, so near that the whole group drew their reins tighter, and turned their

faces to the part of the forest from which the sounds so bold had issued, and from which a troop of horsemen emerged to sight, and advanced toward those who had so peremptorily summoned them.

The foremost of the new comers, a man whose rich vestment and jeweled star bespoke him of high rank, had scarcely appeared in sight, when, with an uncontrollable feeling of disgust and surprise, the elder lady drew in her advancing horse so sharply that he fell back on his haunches; but sudden as had been her emotion, its suppression was as speedy. Her horse had scarcely recovered his footing, when with a calm brow and bland smile, the widow of Edward IV. advanced to meet Richard, the murderer of her three sons; but short as was the distance between the royal two, they had not met when the danger of the princes Elizabeth drew their attention.—The poor girl on seeing thus unexpectedly the usurper of her throne, and the murderer of her household, with an overpowering feeling of terror involuntarily checked her spirited horse so suddenly, that he reared and almost fell backward upon his rider.—Losing all command of herself, she allowed the hand on which the hawk was perched to fall down. Entangled by the thongs, and losing his hold, the disturbed bird fluttered his wings against the side of the rearing hunter, who, little accustomed to salutations so rough, plunged suddenly forward and threw his rider headlong upon the moss that gathered over the roots of a huge oak, which stood a little in advance of its brethren. The beautiful animal, after performing a circuit of the open ground, almost as dexterously as the freed hawk had made its noisy exit, came up where his mistress was lying apparently lifeless, and shrinking his sweating limbs together, stood trembling like a whipped hound by her side. Richard, on seeing the peril of his niece, leaped instantly from his saddle and ran to the spot where she had fallen, before her mother could disencumber her feet from the entanglement in her riding skirt. The soft moss on which the princess had fallen, pre-

vented the injury she would otherwise have received. She was just opening her quivering eye-lids when Richard bent over and would have raised her in his deformed arms. On seeing who it was that leaned over her so tenderly, every pale feature of her face gave birth to its own peculiar expression of an abhorrence, it seemed almost impossible to know; but when she felt his touch upon her, with a wild cry, as if a serpent had attempted to enfold her, she sprang up and ran forward a few paces—then seeing her young horse where he stood in motionless contrition, she with one leap sprang to the saddle, and dashed into the forest on her way to the castle. Richard stood for a moment on the spot where he had been so unexpectedly repulsed, and looked with contracted and angry features after his flying niece—then turning to her mother, who had by this time advanced, he demanded if such was the reception she had taught her daughter to give to her uncle and king?

There was a flush on the dowager's brow—but whether from resentment at her daughter's unceremonious departure, or at the king's rudeness, was uncertain; but with perfect self-possession she answered, 'Your majesty is too severe—with all my authority I cannot prevent my daughter's horse rearing when my hand is not on his bridle—nor can I wonder that the princess was frightened past reason, when she was cast headlong from his back.'

'True madam,' replied Richard, 'yet methinks nothing short of downright hatred could cause a maiden, so young and tender as the lady Elizabeth, to shrink from the arms of her father's brother as if he were a basilisk, and to leap and ride like a hair-brained groom.'

'My lord,' replied the queen, seriously, 'it is not marvellous that the horse which could not be restrained from casting off his rider should take the bit between his teeth and choose his own pace and direction. Permit me to say your grace is somewhat unreasonable to blame my daughter for the tricks of her hunter.'

Richard was about to make an angry answer, when she interrupted him, and with a frank smile extended her hand, 'Nay, nay,' she said, 'let not this giddy girl, or unruly beast, create anger between us, my liege, but receive a welcome from your brother's widow, and partake the hospitality of our poor castle yonder.'

Richard took the gracefully extended hand—'Indeed, fair sister, we accept your courtesy, and with your permission will escort you with our retinue to the castle, where it was our intention, after seeking sport in your forest, to sojourn a few hours. Thus saying, he assisted her to the saddle, and mounting his

own horse, rode leisurely by her side toward the castle.

Clara, the favorite attendant of the lady Elizabeth, rose from her tiresome embroidery frame where she had been industriously working, shook back the bright curls that fell over her frank forehead, threw up her white arms and opened her pretty mouth so wide, that the dimples fled to her cheeks like moving rose-buds. In short Clara performed one of those delicious yawns the tired and lazy love to indulge in: then with her impatient little foot she kicked over a pile of variegated worsted—ran to the narrow window and busied herself in looking out, now and then withdrawing her eyes from the scene without to look pityingly on the tip of a rosy, little finger, where her needle had pricked up the skin till it bled.

'I detest tapestry,' she said pettishly to herself, 'and I wish my lady would not use it, or would work it all herself. Oh, if I were a prince now, with a beautiful little horse like my lady's how I would gallop—Oh, I am so tired of working alone, and tearing my fingers to pieces—and she stopped her mouth with the taper end of the wounded finger, and again busied herself in gazing from the window.

'By our lady,' she exclaimed, after a moment's pause, 'I have lost the use of my eyes over the old tapestry, if that is not the princess galloping black Harry like a mad woman—what can it mean? she comes faster and faster—now she is in the court and springs to the ground without assistance.'

Clara had scarcely time to let herself down from the window, where she had been balancing herself on her toes—when almost breathlessly the princess entered the room with her cheeks flushed to a deep scarlet, and clenching her whip in her slender fingers as if it had been the handle of a dagger. She threw herself into a large armed chair, and as Clara approached, motioned her back with an impatient movement of her hand.

'Look from the window,' she said, 'and tell me if any stranger approaches with my mother; methought I saw her on the edge of the forest as I dismounted; be quick, girl, and tell me if any one is coming.'

Clara did as she was bidden, but instantly she started back and ran to the seat of her mistress, exclaiming, 'Alas, my poor lady, why comes the murderer hither? Would he strangle the dove as well as the eagles of your royal house?'

The princess hastily arose from her seat, and the face of her attendant grew more pale as she looked on the quivering lips, and ashy paleness of her features. The frightened girl could only cling to the cold hand of her mistress, cover it with affectionate kisses, and beseech her to be comforted. Eliza-

beth again sank into her chair, and shuddering all over murmured, 'Oh, how my heart quaked when he bent over me, and his touch—it seemed as if the blood of my poor little brothers was dropping over me from his murderous fingers. What step—what noise is that? He, dare he blast my eyes again with his wicked form? Clara, come near to me—nearer—and grasping the young girl's hand, she stood with pale cheeks and parted lips, gazing upon the door. It opened, and the queen dowager entered alone. Elizabeth with a long, deep, relieving sigh sank again into her chair.

There was an angry flush on the queen's brow as she advanced and addressed her trembling daughter.

'How comes it,' she demanded, 'that we were left thus unceremoniously in our sports; and why hast thou presumed to insult the king and a guest of mine?'

Elizabeth, gazed wildly on the face of her mother, and repeated, 'My king! your guest?'—and then she continued, as if involuntary, to add, 'The mother of three butchered sons and a daughter whose throne is usurped calls the murderer and tyrant, king! my king, mine—who am myself the rightful sovereign of this realm!—then suddenly turning to her mother with a smile of scorn the first that had ever wreathed her sweet lips with bitterness, she exclaimed;

'The next wonder, I suppose, will be a request that I shall pay my homage to this murderous uncle, this deformed tyrant; that I should kneel at the foot of my own throne, and beg permission to kiss the hand yet red with the royal blood of my young brothers.'

The cheek of the dowager was pale with mingled shame and anger, for she had indeed come to request the presence of her daughter at the dinner she was about to set before the king, but she saw too plainly for her purpose, that in the present excited state of the young girl's feelings, it would be impossible to induce her to appear before one she had so much cause to dread. In truth so great was her surprise at the burst of feeling, in one hitherto mild almost to weakness, that she could find no words in which to make the request, much less to enforce obedience. Making a merit of necessity, she assumed a look of wonderful tenderness, and winding her arms around the form of her agitated child kissed her white cheek.

'Thou art unkind, Elizabeth,' she said, 'to speak thus harshly to the mother who loves thee, and who sacrifices her own feelings to her fears for thy safety. But throw off thy heavy dress child, and bathe these throbbing temples; that unfortunate fall has unsettled reason, or thou wouldest never look thus frowningly on thy mother.'

Elizabeth wholly overcome with her mo-

ther's kindness, clung weeping to her bosom. 'Pardon, dear mother, pardon me—indeed, I think my head is not quite right, the sudden appearance of that wicked man—'

The queen again kissed her, and said hurriedly; 'Well, well, soothe thyself and go to thy couch awhile. Come hither, Clara,' she continued, 'and conduct the princess to her chamber; and hearken, girl, let no other person approach her until she is better.' Thus saying, she raised the sobbing young creature from her bosom, and again pressed her lips to her forehead, before she departed to apologize for her absence to the king, who impatiently waited her appearance in the banqueting room.

Clara supported her young mistress to the adjoining bed-chamber, and after assisting her to disrobe and seeing her stretched upon her couch she went to a heavy table of carved wood that stood near and poured an opiate from one of its toilet-bottles of chased gold which she prevailed upon the princess to swallow, and then stood by her bed side patiently watching her features as they settled into the repose of sleep, as calmly and as beautifully as the water-lily contracts its delicate petals when the sun goes down. The large mirror that hung opposite the bed in its frame of massive silver, never reflected two more lovely objects than that royal girl, and her Hebe-like attendant, who bent anxiously over her like a blossoming rose protecting the snow-drop that had sought shelter under its shadow. When certain from the low regular breathing of the princess, that she was in a sound sleep Clara stole noiselessly into the anti-room, and there kept a patient watch of many hours. The sun was just pouring its setting rays in a flood of light through the stained windows, when with a bounding heart Clara heard the king and his retinue assemble in the court and leave the castle. The noise of their horses' hoofs had scarcely died away in the distance, when the queen dowager entered the anti-room, and demanded if the lady Elizabeth slept—then without waiting for an answer she passed on to the bed-chamber, and drew back the curtains that concealed her daughter who lay in a quiet slumber, her long golden lashes lying upon her cheek that had regained its delicate white with a slight color breaking through like the faint tinge on the outer leaves of the American water-lily. One little hand was thrust under the cheek that lay next the pillow, and half concealed by the mass of bright hair that had escaped from under the pure lawn of her night coif and fell in beauty over her shoulder; the other had crept out from her richly laced sleeve, and lay in slender beauty on the crimson counterpane.

'She is indeed beautiful, most beautiful, and a smile like sunlight gleaming on ripe

fruit broke over the mother's face as she said this, with a proud feeling at the heart, and looked on her lovely child. But instantly a frown swept its shadow over her broad forehead, as she brought to mind the conversation that had passed after their meeting with the king.

'But how am I to accomplish this union,' she said to herself, if she should prove obstinate as much as I fear she will after what I have witnessed to-day—but no matter, my word is pledged, and if I would not ever remain powerless, as I am, it must be performed; yes, even though he were ten times her uncle, and ten times a murderer, she was about to have added; but the thoughts of her children—her murdered babes—the little ones that had nestled in her bosom, and now lay buried in their own blood, came over her, and for a moment hot tears rolled over her cheeks as she pressed a kiss, a mother's kiss on the cheek of her daughter—that daughter she was about to sacrifice—such as her first born received before sorrow and ambition had choked up the fountain of maternal love; then sighing heavily she turned away, and the golden fringed drapery closed over the sleeper. As if her better angel had been thus shut out, the queen shook off her momentary emotion and left the room.

Since the morning the Queen had listened to proposals, and entered into plans that must forever rest like a mildew on the purity of her fame. She had, in a private interview with Richard, consented to yield her beautiful, pure daughter to his bloody arms as a bride, so soon as a dispensation from the Pope could be obtained. It is an historical fact, altogether disgraceful to our sex, that Richard, the most cruel tyrant that ever disgraced the annals of English history, married for his first wife, the widow of a young prince whom he had murdered with his own hands, and after her death won the consent of Edward's widow to unite himself in an unholy marriage with his own niece, after having imbued his hands in the life of her brothers. Lady Macbeth, the creature of Shakespeare's intellect, in her wicked ambition, is less revolting to us in the very act of murder, than this woman who consented to offer up the purity of a lovely child on the altar of her own aspiring hopes.

Thrown by the sudden death of the late King from her high station of power, her sons, the tender proofs of her remaining greatness, cut down, and their murderer seated on the throne to which, after their death, her daughter Elizabeth had an undoubted right, she looked upon her as the only stepping stone by which she could hope to ascend to her former greatness, and she scrupled at no means that held out a promise to raise her from the tiresome life of a pri-

vate gentlewoman—a life for which her former exaltation and restless spirit of intrigue had entirely unfitted her. Immediately after the usurpation of Richard, she had entered privately into a negotiation with the Earl of Richmond, then in Brittany, promising him her aid and the hand of her daughter in marriage, if he could find means to raise an army and hurl the tyrant from his throne. Richmond accepted the proposals, and sent by the returning messenger a written promise to marry the Princess immediately after his arrival in England. The Queen, well pleased with the success of her proposals, lost no opportunity of enhancing, by, glowing encomiums on the brilliant qualities of the handsome young Earl, the favorable impression her daughter had conceived of him. Thus the mother artfully succeeded in enlisting her daughter's feelings in favor of her plans. Still their success was uncertain, and a discovery absolutely ruinous to the hopes, and dangerous to the life of the Queen. It was fear that Richard had discovered her intentions, as much as surprise, that had caused her to recoil, as we have described, on meeting him in the forest. But he, on his arrival at the castle, speedily terminated her anxiety by making his iniquitous proposals. Thus a speedy and unexpected road to power was opened, unconnected with the uncertainties or dangers attending her alliance with Richmond: and she did not hesitate an instant in resolving to recall her emissaries, break her promise to the Earl and place her daughter on the throne: nor had the iniquity of the arrangement, and the probable opposition of the princess, occurred to her till she stood by the side of her bed, and looked in the stillness of night on her slumbering form as it lay before her shrined in its own loveliness.

For several days after her meeting with the King, the Princess remained in a pitiable state of nervous excitement. Her mother had not yet dared to inform her of the guilty contract she had made: and as nothing now occurred to shock her delicate nature, she gradually regained tranquillity.—Her sweet smile again followed the gay sallies of the witty Clara who was indefatigable in her exertions to excite the drooping spirits of her mistress. One evening she had gone to the closet of the Queen dowager in search of a book of manuscripts the Princess wished to see, when she was interrupted in her search by the voice of the Queen approaching the door. Frightened, she scarce knew why, the young girl attempted to leave the room unseen; but finding it impossible, she, without reflecting on what she was about, raised the rich tapestry that hung along the wall, and concealed herself behind its folds. The

drapery had scarcely fallen over her, when the Queen with another person entered. After securing the door, Clara heard her advance to a table in the center of the room, and address her companion.—‘Now, Dorset,’ she said, ‘give me thy tidings.’

Clara had not yet seen the face of the Queen’s companion, but the first sound of his rich voice caused her nerves to thrill like the strings of an *Aeolian harp*; for the musical tones were those that had often stirred her pulse like living poetry. With a palpitating heart she ripped open a little of the tapestry, and through the opening saw the handsome features of the Marquis of Dorset, who was leaning on the table opposite his mother. He, with the smile, of one who brings glad tidings, was answering her. ‘All has succeeded well,’ he said, ‘my followers are ready; all our partisans are in preparation, and in small parties to escape detection, are marching toward the camp of Richmond.’

The Queen sat down and was pale, as she said in a quick startled voice. ‘The camp of Richmond, sayest thou?—What!—where is the Earl?’

‘In England, fair mother,’ replied the young man, bending down and looking with an exulting smile in her face, ‘but what means this silence—is my tidings to be received with white lips and angry eyes? I had hoped that my dutiful exertions in your cause would have won me at least one smile of welcome.’

The Queen drew her hand several times across her forehead, as if at a loss for words to express what she wished to say. At length she met her son’s inquiring look, and her eyes glanced rapidly from one object to another, as if to avoid his, while she said, ‘Thou didst not then receive my message?’

‘What message, mother? I have received none, and thought my directions explicit.’

‘Nevertheless, I had sent to request thee to stir no farther in this matter, having changed my intentions with regard to Richmond.’

‘Wherefore, madam; explain, I beseech you?’

The Queen did explain; and Clara, in her concealment, heard with horror the arrangement that had been made to sacrifice her mistress. With difficulty did she prevent herself from rushing forth and upbraiding the unfeeling mother who thus deliberately planned the destruction of her child. Quivering in every joint, she suppressed her indignation, and with a bounding heart, heard Dorset spring from his seat and angrily pace the room, as he indignantly exclaimed, ‘By my faith madam were you who propose this sacrifice, ten times my mother I would protest against its atrocity—yes, even though our assistance and my gentle sister’s hand were not pledged

to Richmond. By my patron saint, it shames me much that thoughts so evil could for a moment rest with my mother.—What! wed her to her father’s brother? Horrible!’

There was a fearful working of wrath in the features of the Dowager, as her son paused, struck his clenched hand on the table and stood before her in the majesty of his honest indignation. But she checked her burning resentment with the strong mastery which she had learned to curb her most violent feelings, and with the same sweet tone and artful blandishment that had won her the hand of Edward, she sought to soothe the perturbed feelings of her son, and to bend him to her purpose. Long and eloquently she argued to convince him that the Pope had full power to do away with the sin of union formed within the forbidden pale of consanguinity. True her voice trembled a little as she defended Richard from the charge of murdering her children, which Dorset brought against him—still she did attempt it; but vainly as she might have seen by the contemptuous smile that lurked about the lip of the Marquis. She attempted to excite his ambition—spoke of former honors, her hand while in power had heaped upon him, and promised to multiply them, would he assist her in her present scheme of aggrandizement—but promises, sophistry, and even tears were ineffectual. Dorset listened impatiently, and then walked toward the door, saying, ‘Madam, you have a right, if you choose, to forfeit your given pledge, but I am more chary of my honor, and therefore shall depart immediately for Richmond’s camp with the forces I have collected.’

‘Stay, Dorset, thou lovest my daughter’s attendant, the beautiful Clara, and as I think, would fain wed her.’

The hot blood rushed over the face of the young Marquis, and his eye fell under the triumphant glance his mother bent upon him. Clara gasped for breath as she heard him reply, ‘You have guessed rightly, madam; I do indeed love the person you speak of, but it is with the honorable affection of an honest heart, and can have no connection with the affair in question.’

‘Thou hast given me thy word not to wed without my consent.’

‘I have madam, and hold it inviolate.’

‘Promise me,’ said the Queen, laying her hand caressingly on her son’s arm, ‘promise me that thou wilt not join this Richmond, and I in return will consent, to thy union with Clara, if she prove to have sprung from a noble stock.’

‘No, madam, no,’ replied Dorset, shaking off the white hand that lay on his arm: ‘great as is the inducement, I cannot sacrifice my honor.’

The Queen again grasped his arm, as he was about to depart.—‘Thou art not pledged

to assist Richmond personally—let thy forces be put under the command of some other person; then thy pledge will be redeemed and thy lovely wife won.’

Dorset hesitated. ‘And were I to consent, to whom could I yield the command?’ he inquired.

There was a lurking triumph in the Queen’s eye, as she feigned to reflect, and then named ‘The Earl of Stanley—he is father-in-law to this base slip of Lancaster,’ she said, ‘and thou canst not fear that his zeal will fail in this cause.’

After some hesitation, Dorset consented to give up the command of his men to Lord Stanley, and to remain inactive in the coming contest. His mother again promised her consent to his union with Clara, when her parentage should be proved noble.

Clara, quivering with agitation, had witnessed the scene in which she was so deeply interested. Her head was dizzy with the bright prospect thus unexpectedly opened to her; and now as a flood of hopes and glowing prospects broke over her heart, she was almost wild with the excess of her happiness, and could have rushed out and knelt at the Queen’s feet in the fulness of her gratitude.

Dorset kissed the hand of his mother, and left the closet. The Queen continued to pace slowly up and down the room, till the sound of his footsteps died away, then with a low exulting laugh she said aloud, ‘He is won at last, and at a trifling price, too—I could almost find in my heart to pity him, when he comes to know that this pretty maiden is the daughter of my superannuated forester—yet had it not been so, I dare not have given my consent, for Dorset is not one to brook a broken promise.’ A cold chill came over the astonished Clara, as she heard this unfeeling confession of duplicity; but she held her breath, as the Queen proceeded in her soliloquy. ‘I was right in choosing Stanley; his son is in Richard’s power, and will be a sure pledge for his father’s services. I must instantly send to Stanley, and request him to join his forces with those of Richard. I must write to him too, or he may suspect my agency in this invasion. But what have I to fear? Richmond must fall, when deprived of the aid my son has collected. My daughter queen, and myself again powerful, and I will soon find means to win the thoughts of Dorset from this pretty waiting-woman. I must not loiter—delay is dangerous,’ she added, going to the door, and ordering a page to request the attendance of her secretary. Impatiently she paced the floor till he came, and then dictated her dispatches; and giving a signet ring and a purse of gold to the secretary, directed him at break of day to send a trusty messenger with the dispatches, first to the king, and

then to the Lord Stanley. Having given her instructions, she left the room, followed by the secretary.

Pale with agitation and astonishment, Clara left her concealment. At first in the confusion of her thoughts, she was about to acquaint Dorset with the intended treachery of his mother; then, reflecting that such a step would only cause him to hasten to the camp of Richmond, a course she could not bear to contemplate, she rejected the idea. Could she but delay the dispatches—but then how could it be done, they were to be sent away at day-break, and it was already ten in the evening. Suddenly a thought flashed like a meteor across her brain.—Springing forward with a look of wild resolution, she ran to the apartment of the princess, and requested permission to depart in the morning, on a visit to the kind old cottagers from whose humble home her bounty had raised her. The gentle princess readily yielded her permission, and Clara proceeded to put her adventurous plan into execution. Silently she stole to the room of one of the queen's pages, and conveyed one of his dresses to her own apartment. In this she disguised herself, and before the day had dawned sufficiently to permit the secretary to distinguish her features, she stood before him, and demanded the dispatches which were to be conveyed to the King and lord Stanley. The unsuspecting secretary handed her the precious documents, together with the signet and purse of gold. She placed them in her bosom, and descended to the court, where a horse stood ready for the expected courier. The bold girl mounted him, and rode leisurely from the spot.

The trumpet pealed its joyful cry,  
The coal black war-horse neighed;  
The glittering banner floated high,  
With heart of steel and threatening eye,  
Each warrior drew his blade.

It was sunset, when Clara, after a weary journey, arrived at an eminence that overlooked Richmond's camp, whither she had been guided by small parties of soldiers that she had overtaken, bearing the Lancasterian badge, and making their way to the encampment she wished to find. Startled and astonished, she gazed some time on the vast collection of tents and the multitude of human beings that swarmed at the foot of the hill, and spread themselves along the vast plain in the distance. A little separated from the cluster of tents, which she knew to be that of Richmond, by the red badges discernible, another and more numerous division—as she supposed it to be—was planted, and from a gorgeous tent in the center streamed the banner of the Yorkists. Away on the farther extremity of the plain was another encampment. Among the snow-white tents she could see the bustle of living men, but the

distance was too great to permit her to distinguish to what party they belonged. A fearful misgiving came over the young girl as she looked again and saw the emblem of royalty blazoned on the central tent of the largest encampment, for by it she knew that Richard himself was in the field, and even her unpractised eye could discern the fearful odds with which Richmond would have to contend. She was right in supposing that the forces in the distance were those of Stanley, and she knew that not a moment was to be lost if she wished to obtain the object of her journey. Putting spurs to her horse she galloped at the risk of her life down the brow of the hill, and requested the first sentinel that crossed her path to conduct her to the Earl.

The tent to which Clara made her way, was only distinguished from those that surrounded it by a double line of pike-men that guarded the entrance, and through which she was obliged to make her passage, for the surly sentinel had refused to quit his post even for an instant: nor would he permit her to pass until she had displayed the signet of Richmond's supposed ally, the queen dowager. Trembling with excitement and fear, the adventurous girl found herself jostled and elbowed most unceremoniously by the crowd of officers that thronged the tent of their leader and pressed toward him for orders. Unnoticed, Clara forced her way to a dark corner of the tent where she impatiently watched the eager officers, one after another, receive the orders of their young commander and retire from his presence. It was astonishing with what cool self-possession a man so young in years, and in the science of war, gave his directions for the approaching combat. His handsome brow was neither wrinkled by a frown, nor enlivened by a smile. Cold and calm as alone in his closet, he stood in the midst of this scene of confusion, distributing orders and dismissing his friends with the calm politeness of a sovereign rather than with the fawning servility of an adventurer.

At length the last officer was about to withdraw, when without raising his eyes from the ground, Richmond inquired 'If the Earl of Stanley, with his forces, had yet arrived, and if any person had conferred with him ?'

'Stanley's division is within three miles of us,' was the reply, 'but his co-operation is doubtful, his son is in Richard's hands, and the most we can expect is that he will remain inactive.'

'And think you, said the Earl, looking suddenly up, 'that we can accomplish our great object without the aid of Stanley?—The Tyrant's forces already double ours, and does our father-in-law balance our success

against a young boy's life? But Dorset!' he exclaimed suddenly, 'he must be near, by this time. We may yet give them battle.'

'I fear not,' replied the officer, 'If it depends on the assistance of the Marquis of Dorset.'

The Earl raised his large, dark eyes, and fixed their keen, inquiring look upon the face of his auditor. There was a slight sneer upon his lip, as he said, 'And why may we not depend on the aid of our friend Dorset? He has no son to plead in excuse for treachery.'

'No,' replied the officer, 'but it is rumored that Dorset remains inactive at his mother's castle, and has placed his followers under the command of Stanley. It is also whispered that the queen has dispatched her commands to Stanley to join the camp of Richard, to whom she has promised her daughter Elizabeth in marriage.'

For a moment the young Earl's features contracted with an acute expression of despair. He sallied back and supported himself by a table which stood near; but instantly he recovered himself and yielded to a burst of anger appalling in one so phlegmatic.—He clenched his fingers together on the table and said, 'By St. George, I can believe any thing of this cunning woman and her weak daughter, but that Dorset should prove thus dishonorable I cannot think. I thought I knew that man, and would have trusted him with my life. I will have proof before I believe this ill of him.'

'Oh, do not believe it, do not—deceit, base deceit has kept him from your side—he is all honor and truth,' exclaimed Clara, rushing from her concealment and standing before the Earl and his astonished companion, then shrinking back and blushing at her eager intrusion.

'How now, Sir Page! methinks thou art somewhat bold,' said Richmond, looking with mingled anger and astonishment on the seeming boy, 'we supposed our council free from eaves-droppers.'

'And it is so, Sir Earl, replied the young girl, drawing her slight form up somewhat haughtily; 'I have heard nothing of which I do not know more than any one present. I came from the queen dowager,' she added, and a slight decree of arch pleasure played about her mouth as she noticed an instantaneous change in the manner of the Earl.

'Ha, sayest thou so? thy tidings, then, fair page—but first, is Dorset near?'

Clara glanced at the officer who stood gazing in astonishment at Richmond, for it was a matter of wonder when the Earl was thus surprised out of his stern composure, and said, 'My message is for your ears only, my Lord.'

Richmond motioned the officer to withdraw.

'Now we are alone,' he said, 'tell me thy errand—but first, is Dorset near?'

'He is not,' replied Clara, shuddering at the cold, vengeful expression that gathered on his face as he bent towards her and said, 'Then what I have heard is true—he is leagued with that artful woman and her faithless daughter against me; he who with vile promises drew me from the land of my protection, and has involved me in inevitable war, and when the tyrant is on my last footstep, has the treachery to forsake me. He—'

'My Lord, my Lord,' cried the irritated Clara, 'You judge unjustly of the bravest and most loyal heart in England. I stand ready to prove the honor of the Marquis of Dorset to be as untainted as your own.'

'Thou,' said the Earl with a smile of contempt curling his lip, 'thou—'

His look of contempt was too galling for the high spirits of the proud girl—resentment sparkled in her eye and burned in her cheek. She thrust her hands into the folds of her vest, and drawing forth the Queen's dispatches, was about to tear them in pieces, when the thoughts of her poor young mistress came over her. She laid them on the table before the Earl, and though tears of mortification were trembling in her eyes, informed him, in a few words, of the manner in which she became acquainted with their contents, though still concealing her sex and condition. She knew that the dispatches themselves would prove the innocence of Dorset, and of him she said nothing. One who had noticed Richmond's countenance as he read the documents, might have supposed that they contained some pleasing intelligence, but for his lips that were pressed closely together and drew down the muscles of the mouth into an angry fixedness of expression. But his dark eyes grew brighter and brighter, and an expression of triumph stirred his features now and then, as he stopped to ponder over some idea the dispatches had given rise to. After he had finished reading, he turned to Clara and said, 'Thou hast done me a great service, boy—what must be thy reward?'—and with a reluctant hand he sought for his purse. Even then the avarice that marked the character of Henry VII. was awoke in the bosom of Richmond and with a smile of pleasure he heard her say, 'Nay, nay, my lord, I want not gold, I came to save Dorset from the appearance of perfidy, to prevent the sacrifice of your betrothed wife to—'

'Well, well,' replied the Earl, 'all this thou hast done, and now I want a further service of thee.'

Clara looked inquiringly. He pondered awhile, and then, as if he thought some bribe necessary, took a diamond ring from his finger. Noticing another on his little finger of

less value, he returned the diamond and gave her that.

'Take this, young sir, and hold it as a pledge that when it is again presented, the bearer shall claim his wish of Richmond.'—Clara took the ring, and holding it irresolutely between her thumb and finger, waited for him to proceed. The Earl went on.—'The service I require is this—take the horse that conveyed thee hither, and depart for the camp of Stanley. Show him the Queen's signet, and tell him to remain inactive till the battle commences to-morrow, and then to bring his forces to our aid. Tell him to do this and we will find Richard other work than murdering our half-brother George, as he threatens. Why dost thou hesitate?' ex-

claimed he, noticing that Clara stood irresolute, 'was it not Dorset's wish that Stanley should join me? Go boy, and if good fortune follow us, remember it is to thee we owe it, and that we shall not be ungrateful.'

Clara hesitated but for a moment. She knew that Dorset's men were collected purposely for Richmond. She reflected that his overthrow would involve the ruin of all she loved. In a few hurried words she expressed her willingness to perform the desired service, and left the tent.

[Concluded in our next.]

## MISCELLANY.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

### That Hole in the Pocket.

It is now about a year since my wife said to me one day 'Pray Mr. Slackwater, have you that half dollar about you that I gave you this morning?' I felt in my waistcoat pocket, and I felt in my breeches pocket, and I turned my purse inside out, but it was all empty space—which is very different from specie; so I said to Mrs. Slackwater, 'I've lost it my dear, positively, there must be a hole in my pocket!' 'I'll sew it up,' said she.

An hour or two after, I met Tom Stibbins. 'How did that ice cream set?' said Tom. 'It set' said I 'like the sun, gloriously.' And, as I spoke, it flashed upon me that my missing half dollar had paid for those ice creams: however I held my peace, for Mrs. Slackwater sometimes makes remarks; and even when she assured me at breakfast next morning that there was no hole in my pocket, what could I do but lift up my brow and say, 'ah! isn't there? really?'

Before a week had gone by, my wife, who like a dutiful helpmate, as she is always, gave me her loose change to keep, called for a 25 cent piece that had been deposited in my sub-treasury for safe keeping; 'there was a poor woman at the door,' she said, 'that she had promised it to her for certain.'

'Well wait a moment,' I cried, so I pushed inquiries first in this direction, then in that, and then in the other—but vacancy returned a horrid groan. 'On my soul,' said I, thinking it best to show a bold front, 'you must keep my pockets in better repair, Mrs. Slackwater; this piece, with I know not how many more, is lost, because of some corner or seam in my plaguey pockets.'

'Are you sure?' said Mrs. Slackwater.

'Sure! aye, that I am; it's gone, totally gone.'

My wife dismissed the woman with a promise, and then in her quiet way, asked me to change pantaloons before I went out, and, to bar all argument, laid another pair on my knees.

That evening, allow me to remark, gentlemen of the species 'husband' I was very loth to go home to tea; I had half a mind to bore some bachelor friend; and when hunger and habit, in their unassuming manner, one on each side, walked me up to my own door, the touch of the brass knob made my blood run cold. But do not think Mrs. Slackwater is a Tartar, my good friends, because I thus shrunk from home; the fact was that I had while abroad, called to mind the fate of her 25 cent piece, which I had invested in smoke—that is to say, cigars; and I feared to think of her comments on my pantaloons pockets.

These things went on for some months; we were poor to begin with, and grew poorer, or, at any rate, no richer, fast. Times grew worse and worse; even my pocket book was no longer to be trusted, the rags slipped from it in a manner most incredible to relate—as an Irish song says,

'And such was the fate of poor Paddy O'More.  
That his purse had more rents, as he had the fewer.'

At length one day my wife came in with a subscription paper for the Orphan's Asylum. I looked at it and sighed, and picked my teeth, and shook my head and handed it back to her.

'Ned Bowen' said she, 'has put down ten dollars.'

'The more shame to him,' I replied, 'he can't afford it: he can but just scrape along any how, and in these times it ain't right for him to do it.' My wife smiled in her sad way, and took the paper back to him that brought it.

The next evening she asked me if I would go with her and see the Bowens, and as I had no objection we started.

I knew that Ned Bowen did a small business that would give him about \$600 a year, and I thought it would be worth while to see what that sum would do in the way of house-keeping. We were admitted by Ned, and welcomed by Ned's wife, a very neat little body, of whom Mrs. Slackwater had told me

a great deal, as they had been school-mates. All was as nice as wax, and yet as substantial as iron—comfort was written all over the room. The evening passed, somehow or other, though we had no refreshment, an article which we never have at home, but always want when elsewhere, and I returned to our establishment with mingled pleasure and chagrin.

'What a pity,' said I to my wife, 'that Bowen don't keep within his income.'

'He does,' she replied.

'But how can he be on \$600?' was my answer 'if he gives \$10 to this charity and \$5 to that, and live so snug and comfortable too?'

'Shall I tell you?' asked Mrs. Slackwater.

'Certainly, if you can.'

'His wife,' said my wife, 'finds it is as easy to go without \$20 or \$30 worth of ribbons and laces as to buy them. They have no fruit but what they raise and have given them by country friends whom they repay by a thousand little acts of kindness. They use no beer, which is not essential to his health, as it is to yours; and then he buys no cigars or ice cream, or apples at 100 per cent, on market prices, or oranges at 12 cents a piece, or candy, or new novels, or rare works that are still more rarely used—in short, my dear Mr. Slackwater, he has no hole in his pocket!'

It was the first word of suspicion my wife had uttered on the subject, and it cut me to the quick! Cut me? I would rather say it sewed me up, me and my pockets too; they never have been in holes since that evening.

#### The Art of Housekeeping.

THE economy of housekeeping is simply the art of gathering up all the fragments so that nothing be lost. I mean fragments of time as well as materials. Nothing should be thrown away, so long as it is possible to make any use of it, however trifling that use may be, and whatever be the size of the family, every member should be employed either in earning or saving money.

'Time is money.' For this reason, cheap as stockings are, it is good economy to knit. Cotton and woolen yarn are both cheap: those that are knit wear twice as long as woven ones; they can be done at odd minutes of time, which would not be otherwise employed. When there are children or aged people, it is sufficient to recommend knitting as an employment.

In this point of view, patchwork is good economy. It is indeed a foolish waste of time to tear up cloth in bits for the sake of arranging it anew in fantastic figures, but a large family may be kept out of idleness and

a few shillings saved by thus using scraps of gowns and curtains.

In the country, where grain is raised, it is a good plan to teach children to prepare and braid straw for their own bonnets, and their brothers' hats.

Where turkeys and geese are raised, handsome feather fans may as well be made by the younger members of a family, as to be bought. The sooner children are taught to turn their faculties to some account the better for them and for their parents.

In this country we are apt to let children romp away their existence, till they get to be 13 or 14. This is not well. It is not well for the purses and patience of parents, and it has a still worse effect on the morals and habits of the children. Begin early, is the great maxim for every thing in education.—A child of six years old can be made useful; and should be taught to consider every day lost in which some little has not been done to assist others.

Children can very early be taught to take all the care of their own clothes.

They can knit garters, suspenders and stockings. They can make patchwork and braid straw; they can make mats for the table and mats for the floor; they can weed the garden and pick cranberries from the meadow to be carried to market.

Provided brothers and sisters go together, and are not allowed to go with bad children, it is a great deal better for the boys and girls on a farm to be picking black-berrries at six cents a quart than wearing out their clothes in useless play, they enjoy themselves just as well; and they are earning something to buy clothes, at the same time they are tearing them.—*Frugal Housewife.*

#### A Married Man's Opinion of Woman.

'THERE is more real honor in a woman's little finger than there is in all the men in creation. The women were put in to keep the world together. I verily believe that if they were all taken out of the world, the men would butcher one another in six weeks. They do so now, when they are from their wives. The late duel in Washington would have been prevented if the wives of the parties concerned had been consulted.'

The above was the honest and hearty declaration of a married man whom I heard conversing in the shop of a merchant tailor, in this village. I have been endeavoring to recall to mind the previous conversation; but the declaration made such impression upon my mind, that the connexion in which it stood is entirely effaced. That wife must be a happy woman thought I, whose husband holds such an opinion of her sex, and those children may rejoice, who have such a father.

Such a declaration from a husband and father reflects more honor upon the wife and the family than all the wealth this world can give. If all men entertained an opinion so honorable to the other sex the work of *Moral Reform* would be light and soon accomplished.—*Taunton Gazette.*

**DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS HEATHEN.**—I once met on the sea shore, said the eastern poet, Sadi, a pious man who had been attacked by a tiger, and was horribly mutilated. He was dying, and suffering dreadful agonies. Nevertheless his features were calm and serene—and his physical pains seemed to be vanquished by the purity of his soul. 'Great God,' said he, 'I thank thee, that I am only suffering from the fangs of the tiger, and not of remorse.'—*Mer. Journal.*

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

A G. Brocketts Bridge, N. Y. \$1.00; M. E. S. Southbury, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. Mentor, O. \$5.00; C. P. Spencertown, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Hemlock Lake, N. Y. \$5.00; S. W. Clifton Park, N. Y. \$1.00; S. L. Pentfield, N. Y. \$1.00; J. O. D. Syracuse, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Decatur, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Hanover, N. Y. \$10.00; P. M. Chicopee, Ms. \$6.00; H. C. C. Gouverneur, N. Y. \$1.00; O. L. Attawa, Ill. \$1.00; D. P. Great Bend, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Madison, O. \$1.00; M. S. New Milford Pa. \$1.00; W. A. D. Potsdam, N. Y. \$4.00; W. J. P. Nantucket, Ms. \$1.00; C. W. A. Pittsfield, Ms. \$2.00; C. E. B. Furnace Village, Ct. \$1.00; H. H. North Pentfield, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. De Ruyter, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Canisteo, N. Y. \$5.00; T. W. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; R. W. New-York, \$1.00; P. M. North Chili, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Shawangunk, N. Y. \$1.00; E. D. W. Philadelphia, N. Y. \$1.00; F. C. Niagara, U. C. \$3.00; P. M. Clockville, N. Y. \$5.00; S. C. P. L. Queensbury, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Tyrone, N. Y. \$1.00; S. L. J. Ashford, N. Y. \$1.00; D. D. B. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Grangerille, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. West Chazy, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Wilton Ct. \$1.00; A. M. B. Middle Granville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Alburt, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Blooming Grove N. Y. \$1.00; L. H. H. Mohawk, N. Y. \$1.00; G. S. Tioga Center, N. Y. \$1.00; S. W. S. Sullivan, N. Y. \$2.00; S. W. Earville, N. Y. \$5.00; W. M. Chimney Point, Vt. \$2.00; R. H. Clyde, N. Y. \$1.00; E. K. H. Rhinebeck, N. Y. \$1.00; P. S. Johnsonburgh, N. Y. \$2.00; M. E. C. Philadelphia, Pa. \$1.00; C. H. T. Westminster, Vt. \$1.00; A. C. P. Sheffield, Ms. \$1.00; R. P. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00; N. C. Virgil, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. Esperance, N. Y. \$1.00; P. P. L. West Berkshire, Vt. \$1.00; D. L. W. De Witt's Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; G. N. S. Bennington Vt. \$1.00; F. J. Lisle, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Malta Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. B. Gorham, N. Y. \$1.00; J. R. C. Benton Center, N. Y. \$1.00; A. D. West Day, N. Y. \$1.00; W. S. E. Branchport, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. Sianstead, L. C. \$2.00; P. M. Corinth, N. Y. \$3.00; E. & L. A. B. Northeast N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Hitchcockville, Ct. \$2.00; Z. T. Clarendon, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. C. South Livonia, N. Y. \$1.00; E. J. B. Brandon, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Wardboro, Vt. \$1.00; E. M. G. Little Falls, N. Y. \$1.25; P. M. Eaton, N. Y. \$5.00; C. B. Clintonville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. E. New-York, \$1.00; B. H. Perrington, N. Y. \$1.00; H. B. Jr. Green River, N. Y. \$4.50; E. J. H. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Broad Brook, Ct. \$12.00; W. H. H. D. Cassville, N. Y. \$4.00; P. M. Yorkshire, N. Y. \$5.00; E. B. H. Schroon Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; A. B. F. Ontario, N. Y. \$1.00.

#### MARRIED,

In Ancram, on Thursday the 19th ult. by Henry S. Hoyradt Esq. Mr. Benjamin Hoyradt to Miss Emma Thomas, all of Ancram.

#### DIED,

In this city, on the 24th ult. Mrs. Catharine Ranney, wife of Col. Reuben Ranney, in the 68th year of her age.

Mrs. R. during the whole of her protracted sickness was remarkably patient and resigned, and although she did not make an outward profession of religion, yet she possessed in an eminent degree many of the Christian virtues. She has left an affectionate husband and six children to mourn her loss, for whose comfort and happiness she manifested a deep solicitude, even in her last moments. May the numerous circle of relatives and friends console their minds with the cheering reflection that what is their loss is her gain.

On the 15th ult. Joseph G. son of John and Margaret Morison, in his 2d year.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## Nature the true Mirror of Deity.

'All nature is a glass reflecting God.'

Come contemplation, nymph of heavenly birth,  
Companion of the pensive child of earth,  
On fancy's airy pinions let us soar,  
And nature's wide, unbounded realms explore,  
Survey the thousand wonders they unfold,  
And the Creator's wisdom vast behold.  
What Knowledge infinite we see displayed  
In every thing his skillful hand has made!  
The glorious orb that brightly shines by day,  
And clothes the earth with vegetation gay;  
Yon silvery moon, so kindly made to light  
The lonely wanderer's dreary path by night,  
And those bright gems that deck the heavenly plain;—  
All the omniscient Deity proclaim.  
And lo! his mighty power supreme, controls  
Each system that through wide creation rolls.  
His fiat the unnumbered planets sways,  
And all the universe his might obeys.  
He speaks, and from the bosom of the earth  
Innumerable plants of every tint spring forth:  
Fair nature in her loveliest charms appears,  
And joyous music rings through all the spheres:—  
Or darksome clouds the face of heaven deform,  
And loud in torrents pours th' o'erwhelming storm;  
Dread peals on peals of thunder roar on high,  
While vivid lightning's flash along the sky.  
Such is his dread omnipotence, whom we  
Alike in all through space unbounded see.  
But turn we now the wonders to survey  
That nature's varieus kingdoms bright display:  
And first the mineral world we'll view, as erst  
In the creation formed—there see, dispersed  
Through all the farthest regions of the earth,  
Bright gems and precious stones of costly worth.  
The diamond white and yellow topaz view—  
Garnet and sardonyx of many a hue:  
The emerald green and crystal, silvery white,  
Vermilion tawny and light chrysolite:  
The jasper, ruby and the jacinth red,  
With myriads more, through earth all bounteous spread,  
With precious ores and rocks of various kind,  
Bespeaking each an all-creative mind.  
And now through Flora's kingdom let us stray,  
Where earth, arrayed in flowery mantle gay,  
Teems with unnumbered plants of every dye,  
And smiling meets the rapture-kindled eye.  
See in what pleasing order nice, appear  
The numerous flowers to deck the varying year.  
When first the virgin spring her robe assumes,  
The early snow-drop then delightful blooms:  
The crocus next and daisy we behold  
Their tender petals modestly unfold;  
While the gay primrose and the violets fair,  
Scent with ambrosial sweets the morning air.  
Scarce these have disappeared from nature's face  
Ere blooms the many-colored tulip-race;  
And each with seeming pride its charms displays,  
Filling with sweet delight the Florist's gaze.  
And hark! on zephyr's pinions borne along,  
In cadence soft, is heard the woodland song:  
Ten thousand warblers sweet their voices chime,  
And nature's universal chorus join;

While the rapt soul, by music's charms inspired,  
By hallowed flames of inspiration fired,  
On fancy's wings to heavenly regions soars,  
And, mutely wondering the Eternal One adores.

The eye, wherever it enraptured turns,  
Superior, vast intelligence discerns.  
The painted pebble and the Alpine rock;  
The breeze's sigh and earthquake's dreadful shock;  
The slenderest plant, the sturdiest tree that grows;  
The puniest rill, the mightiest stream that flows;  
The tiniest mite, the huge Leviathan;  
And nature's noblest diapason, man;—  
Ay, every thing we in existence see,  
Bespeaks the glories of the Deity.

Dracut, Ms.

RURAL BARD.

## To Catharine.

We miss thee! when the evening shades  
Fall sadly to the ground;  
No echo of thy footsteps comes  
To break the silence round.

We miss thee! when the silver stars  
Peep from the blue of heaven!  
For thou wert wont to watch their light  
Burst on the summer even.

We miss thee! when the balmy breeze  
Comes sighing sadly near;  
It brings no murmur of thy voice  
Unto our listening ear.

We miss the! When the merry laugh  
Rings out in gladness free;  
Thine absent tone is wanting there  
To swell the notes of glee.

We miss thee! in the pleasant paths  
Thy feet have pressed with ours;  
We miss the hand that plucked for us  
Spring's bright and blooming flowers.

We miss thee! from the household hearth,  
And from the busy mart;  
Oh! we have missed thee every where,  
Save in the loving heart.

## The Child at Prayer.

'TWAS summer's eve—the rosy light  
Had faded from the sky,  
And stars came twinkling pure and bright,  
Through the blue arch on high;  
And the western breezes softly stole,  
To kiss the weeping flower,  
And nature wore her sweetest smile,  
To bless the twilight hour.

There sat within a curtained room,  
A mother young and fair—  
What voice comes softly though the gloom?  
'Tis childhood's voice in prayer!  
A cherub boy is kneeling now,  
Beside that mother's knee—  
She who had taught him when to bow  
Before the Deity.

A father on the distant deep,  
A sister slumbering near,  
A babe upon his mother's breast,  
And that kind mother dear;  
For every living thing he loves,  
His prayer ascends to heaven,  
And for himself he humbly asks,  
Each sin may be forgiven.  
And in after years, when grief  
Shall bow his spirits down,  
And the world, the cold and bitter world,  
Shall meet him with a frown—

And when allured from virtue's path

He treads a dangerous way—

Oh! he will turn to the blest hour

When first he knelt to pray.

And the kind hand which then was laid

Upon his silken hair—

And the soft voice which taught him first

His simple words of prayer—

Will come again with thrilling power,

To still his pulses wild,

And lure him back in that dark hour,

As sinless as a child.

The prayer is o'er—the last fond kiss

By that kind mother given;

But rises not from scene like this

That childish prayer to heaven?

It does, it does—an angel's wing

Has borne its tone with joy,

And the earnest blessings which it sought

Come on the sleeping boy.

## The Bright Little Needle.

BY WOODWORTH.

THE gay belles of fashion may boast of excellency

In waltz or cotillon—at whist or quadrille;

And seek admiration by vauntingly telling

Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill;

But give me the fair one in country or city,

Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,

Who cheerfully warbles some rustic ditty,

While plying the needle with exquisite art,

The bright little needle—the swift little needle,

The needle directed by beauty and art.

If love have a potent, a magical token,

A talisman ever resistless and true—

A charm that is never evaded or broken,

A witchery certain the heart to subdue—

'Tis this—and his armory never has furnished

So keen and unerring, or polished a dart,

Let beauty direct it, so pointed and burnished,

And oh! it is certain of touching the heart,

Be wise then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration,

By dressing for conquest and flirting with all,

You never, whate'er be your fortune or station,

Appear half so lovely at rouse or at ball,

As daily convened at a work-covered table,

Each cheerfully active and playing her part,

Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,

And plying the needle with exquisite art.

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